I am diſgrac'd, impeach'd, and baffel'd here,
Pierc'd to the ſoule with ſlanders venom'd ſpeare:
The which no Balme can cure, but his heart blood
Which breath'd this poyſon.

King. Rage muſt be withſtood:
Give me his gage: Lyons make Leopards tame.

Mow. Yea, but not change his ſpots: take but my ſhame,
And I reſigne my gage. My deare, deare Lord,
The pureſt treaſure mortall times afford,
Is ſpotleſſe reputation: that away,
Men are but gilded loame, or painted clay.
A jewell in a ten-times barr'd up Cheſt,
Is a bold ſpirit in a loyall breſt.
Mine honour is my life; both grow in one:
Take honour from me, and my life is done.
Then (deare my Liege) mine honour let me try,
In that I live, and for that will I dye.

King. Coſin throw downe your gage,
Doe you begin.

Bul. Oh heaven defend my ſoule from ſuch foule ſinne.
Shall I ſeeme Creſt-falne in my fathers ſight,
Or with pale beggar-feare impeach my height
Before this out-dar'd daſtard? Ere my tongue,
Shall wound mine honour with ſuch feeble wrong;
Or ſound ſo baſe a parle: my teeth ſhall teare
The ſlaviſh motive of recanting feare,
And ſpit it bleeding in this high diſgrace,
Where ſhame doth harbour, even in *Mowbrayes* face.

Exit Gaunt.

King. We were not borne to ſue, but to command,
Which ſince we cannot doe to make you friends,
Be ready, (as your lives ſhall anſwer it)
At *Coventree*, upon Saint *Lamberts* day:
There ſhall your Swords and Lances arbitrate
The ſwelling difference of your ſetled hate:
Since we cannot attone you, you ſhall ſee
Iuſtice deſigne the Victors Chivalry.
Lord Marſhall, command our Officers at Armes,

Be

of Richard *the*

Be ready to direct theſe hom

Scæna Se

Enter Gaunt, and Du

Gaunt. Alas, the part I had
Doth more ſolicite me than yo
To ſtirre againſt the butchers o
But ſince correction lyeth in th
Which made the fault that we
Put we our quarrell to the will
Who when they ſee the houre
Will raigne hot vengeance on

Dut. Finds brotherhood in
Hath love in thy old blood n
Edwards ſeven ſonnes (where
Where are ſeven vialles of his
Or ſeuen faire branches ſpringi
Some of thoſe ſeuen are dryed
Some of thoſe branches by th
But *Thomas*, my deare Lord,
One Viall full of *Edwards* ſacr
One flouriſhing branch of his
Is crack'd, and all the precio
Is hackt downe, and his ſumm
By Envies hand, and Murders
Ah *Gaunt*? His blood was thi
That mettall, that ſelfe-mould
Made him a man: and thoug
Yet art thou ſlaine in him: tho
In ſome large meaſure to thy
In that thou ſeeſt thy wretche
Who was the modell of thy Fa
Call it not patience (*Gaunt*) it
In ſuffering thus thy brother

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Richard II* (STC 22313) LONDON, 1634 UNIVERSITY OF EDINBURGH (JA